

YOU DON'T NEED  
ANOTHER SCARF  
JESUS CHRIST HERMES  
DO YOU GUYS REALIZE?  
DO YOU  
RE-  
A-  
LI-  
ZE?

What, Arnold?

OH  
MY  
GOD.

v.

WELL IF YOU'RE EVER  
IN PALM BEACH OH MY  
GOD LOOK AT THIS BILL  
WAITER THIS BILL HAS  
GOT TO BE WRONG HEY  
WHAT IS THIS JESUS.

Have some  
water, Ann said.  
Then we'll go  
to Hermes.

OH MY GOD.

Is he always like this?

Lovely, isn't  
it, she said.

Someday, she added,  
I'll have to lock  
him up.

That would be  
terrible, we said.

Wouldn't it,  
she said.

LOCK WHO UP?

MODERN MAN

3 A.M.  
at the cash machine  
drunk as hell.

OLD COWBOY

I'm waiting for the bus  
when all at once five  
shetland ponies come  
running down the street.

No one moves at first.  
Then the old man beside  
me jumps out in front  
of them and begins  
to wave his arms.

Spooked,  
the ponies cut away  
onto the highway  
and gallop straight for  
the Arc de Triomphe  
with a thousand Mercedes  
in pursuit.  
In a minute they  
are out of sight.

The old man comes back,  
dusts his flannel pants,  
lights a cigarette  
and says, I think I've  
seen just about everything.  
A couple of people laugh.

Sirens begin to blare.

SAVED: 2

We finally got a new girl  
at the post office. Before,  
we had a couple of old hags.  
This one is nice, patient,  
and has long tanned hands.  
She doesn't understand it  
all yet but this is better  
than the others who worried  
about being sure you knew  
they were right, always.  
Now we like to go mail  
letters, even the bills.  
Somewhere, someone made  
a bold and perfect move.